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HUMOROUS VERSE

ON

CURRENT EVENTS

AND OTHER THINGS

By D. V. Bush

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August Number, 1916

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ROOSEVELT

It's reported Roosevelt will not plead his case at the Chicago convention—he thinks his views are known.—News item.

If every hamlet town and dell
Don't know our Teddy's views,
Say Citizen, I'm here to tell
It's not because of news.

If we don't know this hunter's views
It's no wit fault of his.
For well he knows the use of news,
He's used it in his biz.

If we don't know where Teddy stands
We haven't read the press;
At home, abroad in foreign lands—
In the headlines he has dressed.

If a bear is killed, a squirrel drops dead,
Or a skunk should cross his trail,
We see his wonders flared in red,
Should the game be moose or quail.

If a prize fight's on, or a divorce,
If Susie elopes with Jim.

He sees a golden chance perforce
To advertise just him.

O yes, we know his views, we do,
And what he'd do, and think,
Should some not know (only a few)—
It's not because of ink.

WHAT GERMANY FEARS MOST

"I am convinced that Germany will permit neither war nor even a break of diplomatic relations with the United States"****a factor on which the outcome of the war in Europe easily may turn, is Uncle Sam's stuffed pocket book."—Gray, May 1916.

The biggest purse will win the war
Says Germany today,
To keep the allies from our banks
Is the one way she can slay
The English and her enemies;
So wise old Fatherland
Had better keep the peace with us,
With wealthy Uncle Sam.

Before they'll break with the U. S. A.
And have our money go
To the allies and her enemies
To help her deadly foe,
They'll think twice, the Germans will,
They have a mighty head;
Yes sir, they fear our money banks
Much more than all our lead.

So she will talk with Wilson, now,
And write a note or two,
But really Germany is wise
And knows what she should do

To have a hope to beat her foes—
So here's a toast we give;
"Let's settle this on friendly terms,
Our friendship, may it live!"

CLEAN UP WEEK

Gov. Byrne has appointed a "Clean up Week," in a recent proclamation.

Roll up your sleeve, a brand clean sleeve,
Use apron spick and span,
In spotless white, O such a sight!
We're going to clean our land.

The centuries long in the past
Pooh-hooded the cleaning thought,
But cleanliness we now confess
Much change in our race has wrought.

Clean up the land and barn yard,
Clean alley and clean street
And renovate the "sunshine state,"
No plague spots now to meet.

Our children's children yet to be
Will wonder with concern
That their forbears, with other cares,
Had to wait for Governor Byrne.

BE A BOOSTER

Boost and the world boosts with you.
Knock and you feel alone;
If you're to win, thru thick and thin,
You must have the booster tone.

Kick, and your shins feel tender,
Boost and you'll put it thru;
If you whoop 'er up, with the great you'll sup;
Kick and you're with the few.

Boost and the world respects you,
Knock, and it turns its face;
The booster will meet success complete;
For the knocker, there is no place.

Knock and the doors are bolted.
Boost and they open wide;
For the knocker lad gets in real bad
And finds he's set aside.

Lift and the load is easy,
Lean and it seems too much.
For when you lean you weaken the beam,
And the bretchen will break at a touch.

Boost and fate will help you,
Knock and ill winds blow,
With every rock you're skiff will rock,
Who tries will find it so.

Boost and your spirit is happy,
Knock and sour you'll feel;
For the knocker man, in all the land,
Is pinned by fate's iron heel.

Boost and the world is with you.
Knock and you are alone,
For the booster man is the one who "can"—
Boost for your town and home.

—From Inspirational Poems, by D. V. Bush.

RACE SUICIDE'S THE THING

"Force real race suic'ide on flies; it's the only effective method of warfare against them; keep flies from breeding...—A. D. Wilson.

To swat the pesky fly
In this age is too slow;
Now we have a new one
(Not thought of long ago.)

Race suicide the fly
That's it, why, easy, sec—
Kill them before they're born,
As easy as can be.

Why stop with the pesky fly?
There are other pests galore,
Just say a hundred thousand,
A million, yea, and more.

Now there's the gossip creature,
How long we've sought their doom,—
Race suicide the gossip,
And thus for truth make room.

The knocker, O ye gods!
We've tried to keep him down,
And shed the world of him
But still he sticks around.

The "end seat hog" on the trolley
We've tried to kill or shame,
And though we've done our best
He bobs up just the same.

The gossip, the knocker,
The end seat man, the "hog,"
To clean the world of them—
Just suicide the "dog."

And then there is the criminal,
Likewise the pesky flea—
To rid ourselves of both,
Race suicide—you see?

The briars on the rosebush,
The stinger on the bee:
Race suicide's the answer,
As easy as can be.

Race suicide's the answer,
Just give the glad news wing,
But how are we going to do it?
Ah, that's another thing.

FISHING

Fishermen anxiously await the opening of the season. Only five days of waiting remain before the piscatorial sport begins.—News item.

How slow the time is passing
As the fisher sits and waits,
As he gets the fishing tackle,
As he plans on “flies” and baits.

Is there any irritation
So irritatingly
As to have to wait the season
For the fish (and for the flea.)

Five more days of waiting
Before the season’s here;
Five more days of torture,
To wait that long’s a year!

The fishing rod and tackle,
The basket and the bait
Are ready, have been ready—
He can only sit and wait.

But as I think of fishing
There’s another wait or two,
Besides the “opening season”—
Has it ever come to you?

The season is half over,
You've tried a dozen times,
You've sat and you have waited
By six or eighteen lines

And not a nary bite you've had
(O, 'tis a different wait)
You've tried a "fly", a worm, a toad,
In fact each kind of bait

But not a nibble did you get
(Yes, that's a fisher's wait)
Your luck, howe'er, was just the same
With each and every bait

Another wait in the fishing game
Comes floating to my mind—
And that's the wait for supper
When you've hauled in every line.

So hungry that a grizzly bear
Would taste like venison.
And yet you had to start a fire
And wait—O the fisher's fun(?)

Perhaps it rained that fishing day
And every bit of wood
Was wet and damp and hard to light—
You dying for some food;

You light a dozen fire brands
You wait and wait some more

(The fishing game has lots of waits—
You've noticed that before).

You've had as poor a meal to down
As a cannibal could eat
But thought it was the best on earth;
No chair—the ground your seat.

And not to rest, to sleep, to dream,
Or should I say to snore?
But sakes alive! mosquitoes thick—
You WAIT, as said before.

You cannot sleep with a million pecks
The mosquitoes with all.
And so you WAIT till sunrise comes—
Another WAIT, that's gall.

You WAIT to catch a ride back home,
You WAIT to fix a tire,
You WAIT to buy some fish to show
What luck you had, you liar!

Your wife, she WAITS upon you, too.
To soothe your aching head,
To put some salve upon sun burns—
For O, you're nearly dead.

The work you do the whole year through
Is tame to fishing, Ned,
You've had the "one time of your life"
But it's mostly in your head.

EGG WEEK

The State Prohibition Committee decides to ask every woman in the state raising chickens to give all the eggs her hens lays during the week of May 25th to 31st for the Temperance cause.—News item.

Get up, hurry up, cinmb up. and skurry up,
The women are on their way,
Eggs they'll give, coal they'll sieve, to help the
temperance day.

Think now, when and how, cream and cow, pig and
sow,

Can help the temperance wave,
Suppose we save, grass or hay, the liquor curse to
stave.

Cow week, milk week, cream week, dairy week—
Why not give these a trial?

Good old Brindle (cow bells jingle) to give, make
this the style.

Wheat week, corn week, rye week and barley week
Why not have all of these?

Alfalfa week, strawberry week, and do not slight
the bees.

A dozen weeks, a hundred weeks, of giving we
could name

But won't have to do that,

For barley corn, John Barleycorn, will fall before
that time.

IT'S COMING

The Booster's and Builder's Association of South Dakota recommends state wide prohibition.—News item.

Statewide prohibition, say the boosters of our state
To make a better country, wipe liquor from our
 slate.

The wets have tried for centuries, they've had us
 by the throat,

But now we mean to beat them—we've stripped
 our hat and coat.

No longer are we frightened by liquor's threats
 and schemes,

But rather we're emboldened by liquor's horrid
 scenes.

No longer do we question prosperity when it's dry;
We know it is a fallacy that facts have knocked
 sky high.

The taxes they are lighter when the territory's dry,
Less men are in the work-house, less drunkards
 when men die.

Insanity's reduced, and want and care and woe
Are banished from our borders—King Alcohol
 must go!

The children of the drinker get more to wear
 and eat,

The table's spread much better; no weary unclad
feet.

The wife who's borne the burden of liquor's bitter
sting

Is now a happy woman, just listen to her sing.

The dire fireside and pantry, the family filled with
fear

Is now a place of plenty, when prohibition's here.
So nation-wide it's coming, O see the jubilee

When America, America, from the liquor traffic's
free!

The state wide campaign pending will help the na-
tional tide,

So we will boost for temperance until it's nation
wide.

SKIRTS

Women to wear no skirts to bathing suits—but to have bloomers.—News item.

No skirts for lovely woman
Are shocking in this day;
But would not be so shocking
In the stone age, let us say,

Or in the land of cannibals
Where man's brute force has wing,
But women without skirts, to us,
Is quite another thing.

To think of women of this day
Whom we adore, revere,
To see them travel without skirt
Is shocking to us, sir.

No hats, no skirts, no nothing? .
"Bloomers she's going to don—"
Oh! that relieves the tension;
She'll really have something on.

“APPRECIATION WEEK”

The Builders and Boosters Association of South Dakota whose primary purpose is to up build and advertise the resources and leading interests of the state has appointed “Appreciation Week” as it’s first gun on it’s Booster program.—News Item.

The man owes much to Uncle Sam
Who lives within his bounds!
The country’s blest ’bove every land;
“Uncle Sam,” how sweet it sounds!

We all should stand by the U. S. A.
And boost and laud and praise,
But who would not his STATE, I say.
Boost too—HER fair name raise?

So South Dakota, the “sun shine state,”
The land of wealth untold,
We doff our hats and thank our fate
We’re numbered in thy fold.

On the booster wagon now we’ll meet
And all the country fill
That South Dakota cannot be beat!
We raise her banner till

The whole world knows of our fair land
And what we here can boast,
“Appreciation Week”—we stand
To pledge our hearty toast.

So rally, men of the "sun shine state,"
Together let us stand
And whoop 'er up, before too late,
To advertise our land.

Yea, stand as one to tell abroad
So all the world can hear;
Yea, stand united, men, to laud!
For South Dakota cheer!

"Appreciation Week" is nigh;
Strike up the band and play
And lift our baner to the sky,
She leads them all, hurrah!

KEEP PLODDING

If you think you're "down and out,"
 Keep plodding.
If today you're on the rout.
 Keep plodding.
Other days are coming yet
When you'll win, that you can bet,
O, sometimes 'tis best to sweat
 By plodding.

If you're tired and if you're failed,
 Keep plodding.
Other heroes who've been hailed
 Kept plodding.
Other men saw all was lost,
Other ones on billows tossed;
Yea, they too have paid the cost
 By plodding.

If your ship has not come in,
 Keep plodding.
For some time you're bound to win
 By plodding.
Every ship must meet the gale
Every effort, every sail,
Must be used if we prevail—
 Keep plodding.

If your own's not ~~com~~ to you,
Keep plodding.
Success is yours, if you but knew,
By plodding.
Just across the roughest street
There success you'll surely meet
And your efforts win complete
By plodding.

From Inspirational Poem, by D. V. Bush.

SEE OUR STATE "U" FIRST

The young men of our nation,
Likewise the women. too,
Seek higher education—
Only the best will do.

Some times we have a notion,
Or is it but a craze?
The best things of creation
In other lands are raised.

Sometimes we seek a rainbow
At the other side of earth,
When "acres of diamonds", lo!
Are hidden 'neath the earth.

There's many a man who's debtor
To education grand.
Yet thinks that it is better
Way off in another land.

When thinking of your "million"
And your learning to pursue,
Just go down to Vermillion
And visit our grand state "U."

Investigate by all means,
Attend the classes, too;
Facilities, it seems,
Can satisfy e'en you.

There's every kind of merit
From forum to the sport,
From faculty to "spirit"—
The best of all, in short.

We want that you should help us
To make this state of thine
As great in education
As found in any clime.

So every "son of Adam,"
Each South Dakota man,
(And don't forget the women)
Can help us—that you can.

See first our own domain,
"America First"—yes, do!
That loyalty maintain—
See first our grand State "U."

THE TRUTH ABOUT VILLA

Villa wounded; surrounded; legless; dead; alive—
so it is reported in the press.

The newspapers of this land of ours
Must keep their readers awake,
And give them a thrill—good news or ill—
Whether genuine or fake.

So when the war news of the day
Becomes quite light and dry,
Headlines come out—the newsies shout:
“Villa about to die!”

Edition of the morning press
Says he is gone; is dead;
The evening papers say, O nay—
He was but now is fled.

“Villa will soon surrender;”
“Now caught;” so speaks the press;
“Alive!” “No, dead!” both ways, ’tis said,
“Not yet, we missed our guess.”

And after we are thrilled so much
On Villa we ll thrill no more,
The press wil find, they’re never bind,
Some other thrills galore.

We pay the price, the press keeps on
Afinding plenty news;

It's fun for them—newspaper men—
To touch off some new fuse.

And when the news of yesterday
Is stale and none today,
These journal men—they have the ken--
Will invent something to say.

YOUR BOY AND WAR LORDS

Stand up the soldiers as ten pins,
And rend and riddle and tear;
When half are dead, war just begins—
See the ghastly, deadly stare!

A volley's fired and a thousand fall,
Those dead, what a haven gained;
But hark! ye hear the awful call
Of tortured men and maimed.

Stand up the soldiers as targets
To please the ruling "lord;"
The sons of men but largess
Bequeathed by the gods of war.

Stand up your sons, YOUR sons, O men,
To fight, to die, to slay;
When war is o'er, we ask what then
Have ye for this sad array?

Stand up your sons, YOUR sons, to shoot;
Blaze! bang! blaze!
They're killed like beasts or taught to loot,
It's hell that war has raised!

Stand up your son, YOUR son, today,
The boy so dear to YOU!
And let 'em fire and blaze away,
Be shot, be killed, yes, do!

Stand up your son, YOUR son, my friend.
To have his heart shot thru;
No nursing hand can there attend—
Ah, war is reaching you.

Stand up your son to curse and holler
For vengeance, death and hate.
Then see him shot and fall and waller—
“War's got him”, tho 'tis late.

Stand up your son, YOUR son, my man,
And see him bite the dust,
All blood-besmirched—strike up the band
And play for war, for lust.

Stand up your son, YOUR son, O mother,
Ah, see him sink to death;
Send to the front his youngest brother,
To human cries be deaf.

Stand up your son, YOUR son, O mother,
Look! bloody is his head!

Have you more sons? Then send another
To be numbered with the dead!

Stand up your sons as ten pins,
And see them fall like sticks!
Your sons are paying for the sins
Of war lords and their tricks.

So stand them up for cannon food,
For war lords to command;
It is the war lords' bloody mood
Brings such curse to the land.

Stand up YOUR sons for war lords.
Stand up your boys for them,
And let them die by guns and swords,
For war lords. kill your men.

AND I WILL LOVE THEE STILL

Somewhere in the ages rolling my soul was meant
for thine,
I sought you here and found you, you ever have
been mine.
I've loved thee from beginning, I'll love thee to
the last,
My soul was made for thee, my love; our love shall
hold us fast.

The power of men and sages, empires and king-
doms build,
They'll sway and then they'll scatter, but I will
love thee still.
When the youngest star in glory is old with hoary
time
We'll still be youthful lovers: with age, our love
will bind.

When the "Book of Life" is opened and eternity
just begun,
I'll love thee then and always, till the end of earth
and sun.
You have my head, my heart, my very soul and will
I'll love thee till suns shall crumble, and then I'll
love thee still.

I'll love thee till the elements dissolve and disappear.

And then in all eternity I'll love but you, my dear.
I love thee, O I love thee! And I will love thee till
The world is burned to ashes, and then I'll love
thee still.

From Soul Poems and Other Verse, by D. V. Bush.



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